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A dream of realms beyond us /



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From the Author

A. 175208

6/2/1904

ANNOUNCEMENT.

(Given out to the press shortly prior to the issue of the 8th Edition.)

Mr. Adair Welcker of California (Lawyer, Scientist and Journalist), now gives out to the world an announcement, for the benefit of his kind, in which he says:

By the utterances of those who have themselves done things in the past, men have been directed either to do or not to do things. But, in the seven editions of "A Dream of Realms Beyond Us," by which those people in all lands who are profound, and the world of scientific thinkers dwelling in each of them, have been held in rapt amazement and wonder, for the reason that, in that book the why of things has been made manifest, another method has been adopted, which has been to set forth in such a manner the laws governing the life of man that, to the minds of the simplest, the reason, in many instances, is there made to appear why things should, or should not be done.

It was, in ages past, said: "Do to others as you would have them do to you." But, until that day when he sees the reason why he should do so, (though because of coercion he may seem to), man's will obeys no law. For, though his body may be obedient, his soul continues to hold the law aloof. But, with knowledge of the right reason for it, the soul takes such law into, and makes it a part of itself.

Now, in the eighth edition of "A Dream of Realms Beyond Us," about to be issued, is, among other things, that which can come to be seen, from the very center of things, to be the reason why each man should know that it is all important to him to give to the affairs of each other man, with whom he deals, the same equitable consideration that he gives to his own; and this is for this cause: that another's strength is his—the freezing of others is in him, and his children, transmuted, and appears in them as psin, and it may be death; and the lack of food on the part of any other is his own exact and his equal privation. But in that eighth edition is more than food for the body, for out of the lines in it, and what has before gone into the work, is to grow that which will add to the powers and capabilities of the human race, and give to it a sight of the way by which what has been called (but is not, for death is the enemy of no man) the last enemy, may be caused to be no more. The lines to be added are these:

ELMO—Out of that vagueness have they caught not this:

Why they have gone,—and whither,—who go from them?

Know they that when unselfishness has spread,
And each man serves each other as himself,
'Till envy, (which makes blind the source of light),
Shall no more be—the outer, altered eye,
Will then get light through wave beats, higher than now,
Until their lost are seen—their so-called dead so raised—
(The greed-made veil torn down);—no more to lose them.

The following criticism and comments were in the form of a printed page, pasted into copies of the third edition of this book, on November 20, 1902, and copies were, on November 21st and thereafter, mailed to different countries:

CRITICISM

The London (England) *Daily Chronicle*, November 4, 1902, said: "It was the discrepancy between price and apparent value that first fixed our attention on this paper-covered pamphlet of six and thirty pages. Then, the announcement on the cover stirred curiosity, 'A book that in all parts of the world is giving to each man more courage to become his brother's helper than have any or all books of the past time.' Then for a moment, seeing that this unique work first appeared in 1885 and is now in its third edition, we are ashamed of ourselves. Where had been our eyes these seventeen years? But ten minutes' reading of this drama in four acts and twenty-eight pages showed us that we were face to face with a specimen of what we may call freak literature. England has its literary freaks, who write of the Lost Ten Tribes and the flatness of the earth, and so on; but in this department, America is supreme. It has produced Ignatius Donnelly, it has produced the Christian Science Bible, one of the silliest books ever written. These, however, have at least the excuse of a definite object. We cannot tell what Mr. Welcker is driving at, for when his blank verse acana it conveys no meaning, and when it doesn't it is excruciating. * * * He is mercifully conscious of other people's human limitations, and devotes a supplement to explaining himself to the 'British reviewers.' But, even here, there is no 'glowing light.' You will understand this if you will kindly read the following passage from a prefatory note."—

[The critic here sets out the first seventeen lines of the Second Prefatory Note of the book, and then continues.] * * * "But one is almost inclined to regret the freedom of the press and long for some matriculation examination which should exclude from literature all who cannot think, consecutively for, say—five seconds. The examiners would certainly plough a whole batch of freak book-makers, and among them Mr. Welcker."

COMMENT

The book, indeed, has in it that which would not be grasped by a body of wise men to whom the *Daily Chronicle* would almost give the power to suppress. They, like the *London Chronicle*, would (if it would), even before they had come to find out the work's meaning, be ready to suppress it. For, being selected because of the expert knowledge of letters possessed by them, they would have, along with this knowledge, the sort of wisdom and prudence, and caution—lest they should lose something—to which a work of this character, because of the fact that it is seen to be different from their own, is ever an offense.

The immovable power and strength, which British reviewers, without being able themselves to explain why, have recognized, to be in the work, rests not in the figures or letters, among which writers on the *Chronicle* have so diligently sought, but the might of its spirit. And the work is one that is never to be suppressed. For in it is something that, though tribunals, too, were established to put into operation despotism in connection with literature, is stronger than imperial conduct; stronger than are they,—and it is the end of the methods by which countries large have come, at times, to take their land and their right to self rule, away from people's little.

A Dream of Realms Beyond Us

BY

ADAIR WELCKER

331 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.

EIGHTH SEPARATE AMERICAN EDITION

Matter not in previous editions is contained in this. In a later edition there may be an undertaking made to make clear some of the meanings of acts of Nature not herein set forth.

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This is a book, the earlier scenes of which have been placed in the hands of many readers in Canada, the United States, Australia, Asia, Africa and Great Britain, where, with an attraction stronger than iron, it has become one with what is in the depths of Earth's profoundest and greatest, differing from other books in this: that here a new work has been attempted; that of setting forth not alone things, but the meaning of things; that of giving, not directions to do things, but the reason why things should be done, or be not done. For, for the world to do this, will be for it to step out of the age in which violence has held sway, into another, in which there will be none, in anticipation whereof the time is to be when monuments now made of stone or metal for war's victories are to be erected to be, and to be gazed upon only as monuments to indicate a people's shame, or remorse.

The price of this book is 40 shillings, or \$10, if bought from the author; but all people are at liberty to make MS. or typewritten copies and sell them for what they will. Copies sold by the author will be signed by him. It is, however, his desire that all persons who would be in any difficulty to pay to him the price that he speaks of for a copy, will, instead, employ people to make for them, or themselves make for themselves, typewritten or MS. copies.

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PREFATORY NOTE:

The undertaking in this work has been to follow a method which has not before been followed; to take a step which comes after those which in religion and philosophy have already been taken; to put into the work that which no method of philosophy has yet had in it; thst which alone, after the work done in the past, can, with it, because of the manner in which it will create a new vision within earth, cause peace upon earth to come. It has been intended to put into it and, through it, into earth, that act of the endless-world art that will so touch the souls of men that into them will be caused gradually to come, from this time on, perception and a knowledge of the meaning and purpose of things. For, over those matters out of which do not come to the souls of men a spirit, and an understanding of them, men must perforce still war; but out of understanding, and from understanding, will alone come that which will turn their battleships into rust and their armies into a nightmare no longer to be dreamed by earth.

Then, in place of these childish follies, will highest manhood, in the form of conscience, be caused to come down, and be, and dwell upon earth. Then will there not be done by armies of people that thieve and partition, or be done to women and babes in camps of concentration, work for which a Herod of old, of Judæa, or a Jack the Ripper, should blush. Then will there be done those high and serious things that will be worthy of men grown up, when, through the discovery—which sense and ability will make for them—that peace is best, there will at last come and be between and among men goodwill.

SECOND PREFATORY NOTE:

This work—a dream and more than a dream—dealing with matters upon which the minds of men throughout the world are, at the present time, profoundly fixed, is here presented to the reader in an incomplete form. At some future date, should the governors and rulers of institutions of learning who have, in all lands, been made trustees by their people, and given large endowments for their institutions, with the belief that, with them, they could be aided to be watchmen, upon their behalf, in her night-time of art—thought, by such methods, to be by them, furnished with all manner of means to keep an outlook for the emergence into the world, not only of art, but of each letter of the law which will otherwise be found, and found there only, where things change not—in its unseen place—see here, in behalf of the people who have intrusted them to be for them their watchmen, signs of something that might be added to what is here, which would be of the law a part, and of art that part that is art transcendent, then will that which is not now here be added.

On the other hand, if they shall not so see, they will have had an opportunity to do—for those for whom they hold a trust than which none higher is ever placed in the hands of men—that which, in connection with it, they shall have deemed to have been their duty for those who have trusted them, both as their agents and regents.

Let it not be supposed however, that there could be here expressed towards any a thought or word of coercion; for into the last and highest region of art, which is the place where all action is in perfect freedom, coercion and oppression cannot come: in that kingdom of art not an act, and not even an imperialistic or despotic thought can be: for with its kingdom they have no proportion, and into it cannot enter.

A DREAM OF REALMS BEYOND US.

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BY ADAIR WELCKER.  
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ACT I.

Scene.—A level space in the evening clouds of heaven, above the Golden Gate, surrounded by, and having above them—mass back of mass—the purple and gold clouds of heaven; and within them, on the cloud-plain, and composed of their substances, tents. A throne, wrought of the hues of the rainbow, upon which rests a spirit named ELMO. Below, the uplifted heads of the Gate that opens upon the ocean Pacific.

ETHERIA—Beloved commanding spirit, I have obeyed,
In all respects, your dear commands.
Seizing my silvery staff, and placing therein
Sweet thoughts to be attracted westward
Around the world, back to those other thoughts
Held by you here, I sped upon my mission.

ELIDAH—While that abomination we have seen
On Earth, that's desolation, also have we viewed
Fire once more brought; the star once more ablaze;
Forth from the act that, through the ages ages
Each man, when he will know the doctrine, may do;
By which each man, who loves, more than the ropes
Of wealth, or goods, or place, or men's esteem,
Wisdom and understanding and more life,
May break those bonds that hold him to the rock
Till he be son of man. So, now come we here
To note what, by the law, must follow after.

ETHERIA—The day I left behind: outran the sun;
Entered the towering palace of the dark
That, through all time, stands opposite the sun.
I then swept through its curious moonlit halls,
And there I met these hideous impish sprites

That dwell within the pointed tower of night
That circles earth as shadow of the sun.
I found them mingling ever, elements—
Making compounds to thwart the course of nature.
From them I learned but little of these beings
That dwell in contact with the earth below us.
But when I overtook the blue of morning,
Found I some beings from a distant sphere,
Larger than mountains, resting in their ships
That ride the seas of space. They told me that men
Did seem to have a vague intelligence.

ELMO—Out of that vagueness have they caught not this:
Why they have gone,—and whither,—who go from them?
Know they that when unselfishness has spread,
And each man serves each other as himself,
'Till envy, (which makes blind the source of light),
Shall no more be—the outer, altered eye,
Will then get light through wave beats, higher than now,
Until their lost are seen—their so-called dead so raised—
(The greed-made veil torn down);—no more to lose them.

ETHERIA—They, knowing not that low intelligence
And strife must co-exist; that vision vast
Moves only out from rest; make yet their choice:
So, through the centuries long, dwell they in doubt;
And, through the centuries long, swells up their outcry—
Up, through the dark their violence does make—
For light; whose narrow outlet can be but through peace.
But, as the blue of dawn changed to that hue
In which the later day does dress herself,
The prospect blurred; the pressure changed; until
These beings could no longer stop near earth;
Therefore, unmoored their ships; and on an ohm
Were swept through space, back to their home again.

ELMO—Learned you no more?

ETHERIA—I noted this: men did not
See that themselves are makers of themselves;
Makers of flowers and fruits, of dearths and famines;
And that the years in which would famines come
Were in themselves inscribed, and years of plenty.
That when they grasping grew and sought without,
Where is the place of sand, flow and effects,
Prosperity, came after dearth of growths;
But honest deeds of nations would make birds
Carol and their earth blossom. That they knew not
They should be glad for hardships placed upon them,
And know them wealth for their soul's treasure-house—
Seeing, who has the heaviest put upon him
Is one, for strength selected, to make richest
If that same strength can hold him, when wronged, silent.

ELIDAH—Lowest in all those things that mankind
most prize;

Himself, with goodwill taking all that comes,
Not murmuring; himself acknowledging—
(The cause being that whereof he will not speak)—
One who has failed; one low, one with the lowest:
By such life, from the sea forth, if they take it,
May men learn through what brine-salt bitter thing,
The belly given, the soul may loosed be.
Higher than institutions, beyond schools,
Must men go would they learn more than their most.
Ceasing to hope for gain, to store up stores,
Out of the depths, out of misfortune's well,
Must know that wisdom comes: with manhood high,
With grit, receive misfortunes, in all forms,
As those sole lessons that can teach the soul.
Shaped in no other form can wisdom reach it—

Only in that pass the soul's gate, the heart.
 For life in essence, fortune is no food; and wealth
 For the soul's frame supplies thus much, not more;
 Stagnation time between each act, each labor.

AIDAEI—Bear they the drawing of the Southern Cross?
 Note they influences of the Pleiades?
 Sees each his likeness, blow by blow, from star dust,
 Through all his days, from model changeless, wrought out,
 That, time beneath it, still stands, with us, deathless?
 Knowing what poets have been moved to write
 Must, in a measured time, appear in heaven:
 Have they interpreters, when stars out write it,
 Beyond their sunset—sapient who may read
 What these star pathways show, and shown, leave trace-
 less?

In script invisible to outward seeing
 Is man's life written; yet, the plan of it
 In parts, at times, is caught by his soul's vision.
 Have they yet learned to speak out that star language,
 which
 Spoken to stars dark, each one after another
 Succeeding, touched, becomes a glowing light,
 A beacon burning out upon the night?
 Know they the way
 Men may awaken stars that are asleep?

ETHRON—With zephyr thoughts, but granite preju-
 dices,
 Through strife they're still kept blind to other worlds;
 Through greed from knowing that they are themselves.
 Their eyes are flesh, and through that flesh they look,
 Yet know they not themselves that have looked through it.
 Men seem as fishes dwelling in the ocean,
 Oblivious of all beings up above them.

BLANTHA— This day I seized upon th'returning ray
Of the revolving light from sun to earth.
I passed the point those rays opposed do cross:
And sitting alone upon
The foremost promontory of the sun
Watched I the silver earth as it revolved,
Yet learned but little. But I learned thus much:
That earth, whereon they dwell, by their own acts
Is built,
Right faith being of intelligence the highest;
This builds the frame: things come according to it.
And only faith in all brave ones gone from them,
As never dead, will turn to naught the mist,
And have it gone, that's been the wall between us.
That world, below, is built as is right faith, and grows
According to that faith. Men's disbelief
In us, it is, that still builds up the wall
That hides us from them.
Then (as a heart is curved) their acts from it
Are prompted: That their thoughts descend from them
Into their earth, to from it crying come—
Therefrom, new living. The form of it proclaimed—
Spoken by dazzling voices; glittered; outspoken,
Down from high heaven and up. And this saw I:
The motive power that moves the leaves apart,
From bud of rose to bloom—
The meditation in a woman's heart.
And looking to see their cause, within the forests
The lotus flowers that bloom, that, unseen, fade,
Saw I moved from the meditations prime
Of those saint's hearts whereof the world knows not;
The cobra's life move from a man's heart, long
On murder bent; the shylock nature feeding

Into the boa-constrictor's form its force
That gives it life to crush. The skylark's song
Is rapture; borne from a new thought, caught
To period put to search that did seem endless.

ELMO—Since this is, then, a real race indeed,
And not—what once we thought—but plants that move,
'Twere well for us to better their condition.
Has any other of this company
Brought knowledge of this odd, discovered race?

ARNO—I have, for fifteen circlings of the sun,
Dwelt opposite to him in midnight darkness;
And not being able to go close to earth,
Have caused life-informed force to obey my orders
And fetch me information of these creatures.
It told me that these beings, through the night,
Seem in a state of death; but come to light
Out-wakened by the wave of harmony
The sun plays on his rolling lyre of earth.
I then learned that they're often much tormented
By growths of contest, whose poor lives are measured,
And other devilish sprites
That, like the skates and mudfish of the ocean,
Dwell at the bottom of the seas of air.
Although 'twas hard to learn, have I discovered—
Through pictures shown to me of these same mortals—
In every one is there the central good;
Which good will, as a rose, burst into bloom
Beneath the glowing light that looks to find it.
I saw, with all, that love outlasted death;
The strength of mother's love, that's not of earth.
This many knew not: That when, from their bodies
Themselves would be withdrawn, in death or sleep,

Their thoughts will (in those states) for them become
(To all whose lives those same thoughts form)
One visible and solid habitation; one, though, unseen,
Invisible to others having thoughts
Less rare than are their own. Those having thoughts
unlike:

The kind the brutal see; but they, to them, live blind.
Methinks twould be a pleasant thing indeed,
To help them lift such clouds as hide their light
And hold them blind and dead.

ELMO—It shall be done. Now, for the present time,
We'll have our workmen, in their shops of air,
So to combine and forge the elements
That the bright song of twilight shall be formed
Ere sinks the sun to his cloud-curtained bed.
And, to that end,
Let them combine the light that's shot from Venus;
The color of the ocean's wave by moonlight,
Above the violet and below the red;
The light reflected from the ocean's teeth
When angrily she gnaws the edge of earth;
The dancing atmosphere of summer evenings;
The dizzy-moving borealis light;
Weird shadows of the ancient gloomy forests;
The lulling sound of dripping unseen waters—
Above their treble or below their bass;
Then touch all with the breath of summer air—
More delicate than the sense of man can reach—
When every flower is decked in glittering dew—
Its gaudy dress worn on that grand occasion
When's heard the bow of promise, the storm being o'er.
These sights and sounds our spread, our feast this night.

ACT II.

Scene.—A California forest high up in the mountains. A small stream comes winding through the woods.

DE PETZY and BLAUVELT enter.

BLAUVELT—Here let us rest and make tonight our camp.

And let our tired limbs and aching bones
Be patients, for a time, to such attendants
As nature sends in shape of cooling winds
Which, to the patients placed beneath their care,
Bring balmy odors from the ferns and mosses
And many an herb, till we are healed again.

DE PETZY—I think we could not better our condition
By going further on. Besides, the night—

BLAUVELT—Drop then your gun and rest upon this bank.

How sweet the air, the gurgling of this stream!
There's something soothing and refreshing to me
To find myself afar from human cares;
Far off, beyond the sounding of an echo
Of giant mills and cities soot-begrimmed:
Our sole companions these dumb trees that stand
Holding behind their grim and solemn aspects
The secrets of a thousand passing years
Known to themselves alone; the antlered deer;
Owls whose wise looks tell of their secret knowledge;
And other beasts, spellbound—made dumb by nature
To hold the wondrous things that they have seen.

DE PETZY—Ofttimes my mind being in a curious mood.

When, knowing I've been never out of it,
 But all I've seen and read within myself,
 Earth seemed more like a dream than any—a fancy,
 That strides the stage of sleep. Is it not odd
 That we are held here on this piece of earth
 That floats a bubble on the seas of space?
 Such being our lot seems a disordered dream—
 A state of odd enchantment, that of earth,
 While real things are unknown all to us.

BLAUVELT—I've often thought something more worthy
 men

Must back this race for wealth. That gives not life.
 Thinking beyond accepted thought makes that.
 For thought gets life: a launching out by faith—
 (Dead to all earthly haps)—alone draws that.
 In all, life got, takes forms. And, thus, comes thought,
 Which, new, the old drives out, bearing its forms;
 Its used; its dead—that have been. And, thus, thought—
 (New in, old out)—the heart moves: bridge from life to
 death.

High souls, not born, wait till thought, on earth gathered,
 Attracting, draws them here to take on form—
 Thus nature, breathing, gives to us new knowledge,
 Wonders astonishing and unimaginable
 Being yet not known.

DE PETZY—There's surely pleasant contrast in these
 woods,
 For, being alone, we have no enemies;
 Being far away—off from the race of men—
 But having none to hate us, we have not
 A place for gentle thoughts to reach their mark.
 Therefore, a life apart from all mankind

Is one not natural, one with parts left out.

BLAUVELT—List to the cooing of the unseen dove!
 I wonder if they, too, have woes of love—
 Heave mighty sighs; then with disturbed visage,
 And eyes grown mournfully large, gaze they upon
 Those whom they love, with passionate, pleading looks?
 And are they jealous, like men?
 And have they friends, or foes, or foolish customs
 To break sweet nature's course, and leave love hopeless?

DE PETZY—Why, sure it is, they have their share of
 woes,

Wrought chiefly by fear;
 Living a life of false alarms wrought out;
 Mourn for their friends, and in their sweetest songs
 Cast out their griefs into the wide world's ear.
 But now I'll leave you to more lonely musings
 And wander off t'explore the woods around us.

[Exit DE PETZY. BLAUVELT lies down and goes to sleep. Then enter ELIDAH, AIDAEI, and also WAVRA and ELLOCK, two spirits of the woods.]

WAVRA—He lies asleep. Upon his face I'll breathe,
 And, through my breath, infuse my nature in him,
 Creating such fancies and such odd conclusions—
 Harmless, as in him is there naught of hate—
 As never yet were lodged in mortal mind.
 Then shall he sweep the universe with thought
 And stand amazed indeed to see the things
 Caught in his net of reason.

AIDAEI—But, is not this one of earth's bards, earth's
 prophets?
 One of those rare ones, by us best beloved,
 Who may not lie to hold place or position,

But, doing those things that place earth beneath them,
 Upon the rungs of such a ladder made,
 Can, to us, mount in vision?

ELIDAH—One of the ones who speak in metaphors,
 Which, of men's thought, being nearest to the language
 Wrought by our state, enables us to give back
 To them their wisdom—

With courage that is not the drum'd-drugged sort,
 These speak the truth, when that, if that they tell,
 Means loss of place, of bread, of benefice.

Soldiers may take a chance to die, and fear not,
 If clacquers clack, or drums go loud enough,
 What is called death. Here's of another class;
 He's of a band—of those strange sturdy ones
 That fear not (The poverty before which governors quake;
 At which (while they blanch and their stomachs
 weaken)—

Orders obeying rather than the truth—
 Generals and admirals, then denying it,
 Or, in place of it, stating what is not,
 Have hidden over and concealed their guilt.

While toward such men bend we men's high plaudits,
 Their wealth and honors,
 Against our dear ones have we turned men's jeers,
 And had them buffet them and hand them wounds.
 Yet, while at their amazement we have laughed—
 Seeing what rotten fruit the others got,
 While these had life—our laughter was for love's sake.
 And soldiers, also, who were more than such,
 And admirals have been, and such again will be,
 Who will obey the truth and bear what comes

When they those disobey by whom they're ordered
To do against it, and serve 'gainst the right.

WAVRA—Shall we then plague him?

ELLOCK—Is't not against ETHERIA'S commands,
Who, for the part she takes in that great work
That is now brewing in the higher heavens
To help the world—would bring these two together?

WAVRA—Not if such thoughts are placed within his
brain

T'attract him out of earth.

I'll let him, in his dreams, tread upward,
And, being the hero of his deeds of sleep,
Go onward; upward through those many realms—
That have high words of which they are upbuilt,
To make them to the low invisible—
Where waking mortals could not be and live.
I'll show a thousand varied scenes in hell
Where, there, the laughter of a woman's eyes
Would end his peace forever;
I'll show the green and monstrous angular sprites
That, in the chilly southern seas of ice
Where shines the southern cross, control the waters
And make the choppy seas dash icy waves
Against the mighty domes and towers of ice
Full many feet in air;
That drag the howling winds from point to point,
Shrieking as if in pain;
That lead the deadly winds against the ships,
Icing the rigging, freezing the sailors' thumbs,
And then—white fogs unfold upon the waters.
And all the while, so various are the sounds—
The loud reports, the rattling of floating ice—

That hell itself seems there to have an echo.
 I'll show those fourteen stars west of the cross,
 Where dwell the dreaded mutineers from Venus.
 We'll show where was the pyramid first made.
 We'll show the cloud-bound caves of distant realms
 Where roam forever spirits of wild beasts.
 And then we'll show the wild north-central heaven
 Where come the poisonous winds from every point
 Named on the compass; mingling their poisonous
 breaths —

[Here is left out a portion of the matter referred to in the Prefatory Note, in order that the institutions of learning of the world may determine the question as to whether or not it is probable, from so much of the work as has been placed before them that the portion not placed before them is of such a character that it should be permitted—at the same time that they erect and idolize and endow buildings of stone and wood—as they stand and look on, to perish; not needed to be put into expression; not needed to be taught in their colleges and schools.

As it is into their hands that the people have placed on trust large endowments to be used for the encouragement of, and as a means of giving recognition to, the work of those who give their own, in order that they may work in the art kingdom; and as teachers and rulers over the schools have, many of them, given to one another the title of Master in these matters that belong to the kingdom of art, it will be for them, sitting in the character of Masters in the art kingdom, to determine whether or not it is for them to pass upon the question here presented—which is of it.

Much better would it be if these charity funds, now used to aid youth, are not well used, that they should be used to improve and add to the comforts of those noble, charitable homes, alms-houses, that, because the heart is ever wiser than doctrines taught by what may be called the phariseism of science, have been established for those less able to help and care for themselves than the young, those who have expended more of their energies in the work of the world than the young—the old.]

ACT III.

Scene.—Same as Scene 1, Act I.

ELMO—Since it has been resolved by us to each
Help on some other being of this race,
Let such as have observed them give the news.
What has been seen?

ELIDAH—Saw I an island in the ocean's water,
Where sits one crying: “Peace on earth; goodwill!”
Whose garment's fringe is soldiers, scarlet clad.
Their State keeps her. She feeds from those they've
slain.

ETHRON—Beloved spirit, it being against our natures
To come in closer contact with the earth,
Therefore, I've sought out beings that have power
To walk upon the surface of that earth.
Out of their multitudes, with various natures,
Chose I the laughing sprites called from the woods
To serve my ends.

ELMO—How learned you from them?

ETHRON—These things saw I through them:
That kind thoughts, thoughts of others, shall expand them,
Giving new strength and power of life to both.
Ill thoughts take with them from the soul that throws
them—
Or, peoples thinking less of other peoples,
By that made measure—
Part of its store of strength:
That he, as well, who sees another suffer,
Having stored up what could be his relief,

And does not use it, thus deprives himself
 In exact measure by those his possessions
 That he used not.

ELMO—Looking on such, we see—
 If they change not, how blind, how wretched they!
 How poor these are; how naked—unaware,
 Until that hour when they shall start, awake—
 Seeing themselves—and shrieking flee such goods,
 And gauds; those things that, with a turtle's gripe,
 Till then, they'd clung to.

ETHRON—The air below is filled with finest dust—
 From this they modeled forth a beauteous maiden:
 Thereafter, casting sunlight on this form
 Seemed it to live; and, by this form of hers,
 Knew I, how outward nature, acting on it,
 Would fill her inward mind; and saw that she
 Was one it would repay us well to serve.

ELMO—How would you, could you, serve her?

ETHRON—Why, I have seen one cruel thing on earth:
 That natures that are fitted each to each
 Oft lead a life that's all unsatisfied,
 Because they feel, and yet they do not know,
 The other lives for them; yet die, and never meet.
 Therefore, I've brought the one that's fitted for her
 And they have met, and in a moment felt
 What they have known since Neptune touched, last, earth.
 To consummate my plans
 I've had her flee her home within the woods;
 And, to prevent her guardian following her,
 Have given to its obedient sprites the power
 To play such tricks as pleased them most upon them.
 They lead them now up steeps; through briars and thorns,

And by the many mansions of that route;
 O'er angular rocks that mincing feet will wound
 And jar out lies, like toads, from mouths that hold;
 Through swamps and wild grapevines;
 Make each one think the other Sylvia,
 And set each beating each.
 Now will I lead her on through trouble and woe
 To drag her dead world from her.

ELMO—Has she no earthly friend to help her?

ETHERON—My ministering spirit showed an aged man
 Thinking the daughter that he one time had
 Was dead in infancy. They told me then,
 That this was Sylvia's father.
 Studied I then his brain, and of the spirits
 (Which men call thoughts) attracted to his soul
 Saw I, 'mongst others, these, his last conclusions,
 Which showed me odd things of this race of men.
 Men knew but little, and seemed not to, this:
 That when the sun, new-born, goes on his course,
 Its numbers altering with each day it makes,
 Meets it and greets it in all germs their number;
 Then leap they at its music, known to life.
 'Tis what man's done that makes him. What he says,
 Though books of eloquence piled mountains high
 Contain it—(please them as it may)—for it,
 All ears it enters must prove barren wombs,
 'Less what he lauds first a man himself has done.
 That, when man seems held, fast bound by fate,
 Yet, even then, relief will surely come,
 And by some path that will seem plain enough—
 When has the fullness of his task been worked

But which he had completely overlooked
And lost all memory of.

ELMO—This is a good commencement for an end
To round out royally. What other spirit
Will further speak of what has been discovered?
Here comes one, having bright, mischievous eyes
That an odd humor might find, ev'n in death.

VONRA—I've seen their life is just an odd conceit
Wrought from more odd conceits—
Seeing the future is but night to them.
Queer that, worshiping tenderness to all,
Peace grows their battlecry: Thieving, with some,
Their spreading; with some their greed, theirgod.
Those that start war, and through war, seek their will,
Yet talk of heaven to be;
Not knowing that a mind, to grow to that,
Must, by desire, fast to no part be drawn;
Must rise up, over all this realm of strife;
Whose hands must hold no more, nor cling to earth;
To go in there must leave itself without;
His mantle of earth released—let go to earth.

ETHRON—From the desire to see itself, all is—
For this is love, when aught to love it seeks,
In atom, or the highest; and, through death,
By pain, life comes. By knowledge comes all death,
Whihe ,too, came as was light first manifest,
While motion, heaving, thereby matter wrought.—
A straight line first the day from night set off
Wherfrom two curves, through which is life made
known.

ELMO—Back of all things that day from night divide
Back of the cell wherein, at time of fullness,— known.

(Because one ion is then at the highest,
 O'erlooking all, and crucifixion comes);—
 Back of the needle's eye pressed the rock was,
 Upon whose back was weight of all the world,
 Holding bound in'itself all things that are
 Until the wish, itself to see, is come.
 There then comes motion and, in ordered course
 Of separation,—(with them moving thence
 The day, the night),—all things that make the Earth,
 (So they may note it)—two by two march forth;
 The lessened density of ions in them
 Changing their shape and aspects towards that source
 Wherfrom they, when complete,—then being man,
 After his stature full is reached,—the image are.

ELIDAH—Whose eye that so long doubled was, and
 kept obscured,
 Be merged, be single made, and knowing—and known
 To that straight column, straight as a straight rod
 That is the light.
 Upholding they the things of earth as high,
 Fall they down with them. Saw I, this:
 Who slowly kills, by words or cruel looks,
 Or thoughts unfair, or thoughts by hate projected,
 Is as much murderer as is the one
 Who does so with a bludgeon.

AIDAEI—Whose thoughts are drawn—forced down to
 central earth.
 But there are thoughts, of which are thoughts of art,
 Reversing gravity, and they hold life.

VONRA—This, too, saw I of them:
 They're never all good; not one entirely bad.

The worst of any will, at times, be saints;
The best, their opposite.

ELMO—What knowledge have they
Of all the radiant hosts of worlds about them?

VONRA—They scarce conceive that all the things of
earth

Are things in miniature of worlds full-grown.
That, as their seas have puny storms upon them,
So are there storms that sweep through space,
Creating currents vast, whirlpools and tides;
Setting worlds dancing on their rushing billows
Like corks upon the ocean;
Or, carrying systems o'er that mighty deep
By billows hurrying, rushing, raging onward,
That move upon the beacon lights of night
And surge beyond. They dream not of those fleets
That, sails all set, move o'er a darker ocean,
Into those systems where are lights grown dark—
Not earths, not suns.

They laugh at forces fast in fading halls—
The universe fast in the soul of man;
At beings crouching on the star-storm clouds;
At cities dead that we see living yet.
Looking within, they seem to see these things;
But, looking without, upon the world again,
They call them fancies, and they vanish from them.
Ah, if they only knew the law of change—
Why,—

The arrow drawn back towards the Southern Cross,—
Loosing their motion that makes light appear,
The earths round suns, not they about them walk;

And knew the half we know—

How would it shake their minds and make them mad.

ELMO—Wait till they stand, where we stand, where's
no sea,

All worlds external; souls then where time is not,

Naked in space, betwixt things garmented:—

Then, in that Eden spot, whence all world's walk,

That land of Summer, where there is no dark, no sea,

Shall men learn how the problem death solved has been;

There see how death and time are force, are change,

And view these motions from where time no more is;—

Upon a level with the north pole star,

Beyond these looking—waiting.

ETHRON—The only cause of all is ignorance,
From which springs prejudice and every folly:

This shadow of death is now most heavy on them.

But, with our aid, the world begins to move.

This century has promised mighty times

That will outleap the tedious course of nature,

Leaving behind their savagery days of war;

Of right by blood to be the manger dog;

Rights called divine, and many another right

That has been always wrong.

The time will come when to this human race

The only king will be the king of hearts—

When each man will refuse such goods on earth

As all men may not have.

For men will learn that day that true it is,

That only one thing is all-where assured—

Heart of a gentle man.

VONRA—There's this as their excuse:

How much their life from infancy to age
 Is the world's dead world working outward through them.

ELMO—Know they the poorest have as much to give
 As any?

That each time ever a truth is told: that is an act
 To all men a donation more than gifts?

With each truth told

(Though far off as the west is from the east)

Some fetter dropping off;

Some one, till then enslaved, by that made free?

VONRA—Nor know they beings wiser than themselves
 Sometimes stir up their anger, each 'gainst each,
 To wear away defects that are within them,
 Playing those forces downward and upon them,
 Whereof they're unaware.

ELMO—Can they know this:
 Man's lack of heart makes earth yield lack of bread?

That:

Whenever nations have bound on their brows
 Phylacteries; themselves then, better holding
 Than others; then (those others robbed),
 Speaks earth in famines?

Know they the heavenly character of music
 That tells the way by which buds turn to flowers,
 Inscribed in which are secrets of all worlds
 Throughout the heavens; which our-beings splendid
 As their law read?

ETHRON—'Tis sweet to them; but that it is a key
 Made to unbolt their gateway into heaven
 Know not they all of them.

ELM—Odd, odd indeed! Come now our time to move
 Upon our westward journey with the sun.

ACT IV.

Scene.—Same as Scene of Act II.

DE PETZY—Cheer up. This is no time for gloominess.
Go join the dance.

BLAUVELT—I'm worn and weary, and am sick at heart.
Seeing I've searched to find her that I love
These many days, but have not heard of her.
But, over the world I'll search,
Following th'ecliptic of our lives apart,
Moving the table round, 'till I win all:
From icy lands within the bitter North,
Beneath cold skies that are as blue as steel,
To scorching wastes where burn the sands as fire,
And hot winds dry the tongue and parch the throat—
Aye, till this frame falls helpless at the last;
Rib from my form that in my sleep was taken,
I will still seek her;
On, through those ages we must stay apart;
On still, o'er that curvature, till we meet,
With that commencement of our bliss unutterable
To know that death is dead.

DE PETZY—You say you've found her father, too,
Who now assists in searching for her?

JESSE—Go join the dance. I take't no compliment
You will not join. Why, what a long-drawn visage!
Cheer up. 'Twill all end well.

The one who makes your face so melancholy
Will be kind yet.

BLAUVELT—No act unkind has given to me my sadness

DE PETZY—Where was it that you last lost track of her?

BLAUVELT—Why, first she wandered through those gloomy woods,

That make these woods

Then crossed the fields and over dusty roads,

Till, reaching that city, entered she into it.

The sounds of city life to her were strange,
And many a time they filled her mind with dread
(So have I learned from those who did observe her).

Day in, day out, she wandered through the streets,
But found not what she sought.

At last, 'tis said, she wearied of this life,
And pined for streams, the wild flowers and these woods.
And often was now seen by the ocean,
Listening to hear each message that the waves
Had brought from distant ports; or, in the fields,
That nearest stood beside the city's edge,
Would she pluck flowers to gaze upon their faces
And get what women get (though knowing not what)
Who love them;

And from them read, as from a mirrored image,
Of distant streams, and mountains blue, and woods.

At last, those who'd observed, lost sight of her—
From that point learned I nothing. [Enter SYLVIA.]
But who comes here? Now, if my eyes deceive me—

SYLVIA—At last!

BLAUVELT—Tell me—where have you been?
What land has been so lighted by your eyes,
No sun was needed?

SYLVIA—Three weary days, and nights as weary, too,
I've seen the stars creating light by night,

The mightier sun relieving them by day,
But found you not. Then grew most weary I.
At last rose up a light forth from the ground
Which moved before, and, following after it,
Came I, till here.

BLAUVELT—Was it an angel that led Sylvia ?
Seeing so soft and gentle are her thoughts
That in them might one come ?
And now the day of parting is o'erpast,
And part will we no more.

SYLVIA—Not on this earth, and when death comes to one
Then will we lie each in the others arms
And, as one dies, the other die as well,
And both, thus joined, pass to the realms of sleep.

SUPPLEMENT

[Which was at the end of previous editious]

[Matter is here set forth for the aid of some of the British reviewers, who have believed that they have reviewed the book to which this Supplement is appended, but who have not—although the looks from their eyes have passed over its pages—even seen all that is within the work.]

The question as to whether the author of the foregoing book, copies of which have been placed in the hands of many readers in Europe, Asia, Canada, the United States of America and Islands of the Pacific, is a "Spiritualist, Christian Scientist, Theosophist or what?" has called from him letters of which that given below is one. It is printed here in order that it may serve as an answer to some questions that the book itself will continue—as long as brute force continues in any part of the world to be used by one set of men as a means of rule over another—to arouse; and for yet an additional reason—namely, that it may serve to convey to the world some knowledge upon the subject of Art that such reviews, by British reviewers, of the earlier issues of the work as have reached him, have not appeared to the author to possess. A knowledge of Art in its higher manifestation (if judgment is based solely upon their printed utterances) is a matter in regard to which these particular reviewers have appeared to be not conscious. Seeming, as they have done in a great variety of ways, to display lack of knowledge of what Art may be, it appears to be but proper to place here before the world some knowledge, not in their reviews, of that which Art in time may come to be.

And for that reason the following letter is here placed before men, and such readers as can come to be aware of it:

DEAR MADAM: I will try to answer your questions. It is my belief that with others who do what we do we are one; and also that, to those who do the things that we have done, our thoughts must in time go. But the process by which we may come to dwell each in the other may be slow, or it may be sudden. There is, as I understand it, but one way by which I can come to dwell in another, and he in me; and that one way is by doing what he does or what he has done. If I am to become a member of an organization or society having rules of admission, I am enabled to become one by first doing the things that others to become such have done. What the society does the person on the outside, who

has not done those things that make a man a member, does not know. So, if I wish to find and stand at the point in the universe from which will gush forth the same stream of thought which in times past has poured into the soul of prophet and poet, builder or artist, I must first walk along the way that was found by him, and then stand where he stood. Should I wish to think as does the beggar on the street who, with shame, begs, in order that another may be helped, or as does a bishop, or university president, without shame, for the same end (blame being to neither of them, but only to those who, upon being asked, do not, in fact as well as in form, divide with those whose need is found to be greater than is their own, their bread), I must do what they have done. If I wish to think as does a captain of industry, I must live for that one purpose, and must make my eyes blind and my ears deaf to any effect upon others of my deeds which would delay or prevent the accomplishment of my one purpose. That which, among all of my works must be my purpose placed most high, must be to become an industry captain. But, should my choice be given to them, and those things be done by me, because in them is my whole heart, my mind and my strength, thosse other thoughts and powers will never be able to enter, or so far penetrate into me that I will be able even seriously to believe in their existence, that come to the prophet, who has another purpose, desired by the whole of his heart, and with all of his strength, or to the musician or poet, who, throughout life, has persistently refused to permit himself to become filled, to the exclusion of that which he is destined to obtain, with those things by which a merchant obtains his reward—the reward that comes from a willingness not to forego success, but yet to press on forward to obtain it after he has become aware that, by each additioal effort made by him to obtain it, the struggle of others of his fellows is made yet more onerous.

The poet, on the other hand, and prophet, seek above all things, to get beyond the region in nature where the transfers and exchanges taking place constitute the parent or starting-point of those evanescent processes in the world called commerce, that, seemingly stable, are ephemeral, and among the things first forgotten. With an intuitive knowledge or instinct towards the things that are lasting, the poet and prophet seeks to get, notwithstanding his resisting outer nature, beyond this realm of the bubbles that burst into the place where the dreams are, which are the only things that have a permanent and an everlasting foundation. But if ever his dreams become strong enough to lift him up out of the commercial willingness to prosper at the cost of another man's distress, the things that have, at such cost, come to him, must fall

away from him. For he has been lifted by his dreams from a place in which things of one kind could be to another in which they cannot. And he will from choice now leave, as to him of little worth, the things or methods that create the success of the industry captain—methods that make fame and achieve for the politician or ecclesiastic the chief places or seats. He will leave them to obtain those things that to the amazed captains of industry—and rightly from their view-point—constitute a mere matter of midsummer madness.

In other words, as these matters seem to be seen by me, the parent of a thought—if the thought is one that is to rise up, and constitute the nucleus of a star, which will thereafter grow into form and take its place in the heavens—must be first that which is back of all things that are destined to live—an impulse; the impulse will then be followed by an act, and the act by its thought. And to be with and of others, they and we must have acted from the same impulse, intuition or spirit. Our deeds will then be of the same class, kind or kingdom.

Thoughts, like men, have their measured, fixed and appointed periods of life. And, as I have looked at thoughts, those that have been of longest life have had for their parents acts that looked as if they were destined to bring to those who were, for the time being, controlled by them, the opposite of that for which the world of traffic seeks—the least. The deeds thus prompted were the opposite of those of timidity; were deeds that, as they have sought but little or nothing for self, have been deeds that have been most courageous.

But, should the steps taken by poet or prophet be taken even for such pure gain as gain of knowledge, when the gain sought is to be only for self it will be nothing, for it will still belong to the world of commerce, and be mere traffic. For, as long as gain remains the object, no more can be obtained through the spirit of that effort than can be obtained through the spirit of any other traffic, and its fruits will be the same—be only that which comes from traffic: and it will be as well to work as a politician—for the fruit of traffic can rise no higher than a material thing, and will be, in that case, an office; or, as a soldier fighting for territory, who goes forth to take from another people their land, and, as compensation, gets applause, or a certain and unfailing income, which the business career of a private citizen would not so certainly assure him, by which he is led to feel certain of the bread that will keep in him the kind of life that he is ready to take away from others in order that he himself may not lose it.

Upon the other hand, the reward of one who would become a Master of Arts is that which comes from desiring rather to abandon and walk

away from the certainty of bread or applause than ever to acquire it at the cost of another man's welfare. But, nevertheless, a man should do no thing so long as he does not, above all other things, prefer it—and that is, love it. When the time comes for him to take the steps (after emptying himself of the lower things that are traffic), through which there will be caused to flow in to him other things, he will, through that which alone can prompt such acts—through love of them—perform them. And what others do will be then to him nothing. For he will then see that no man should ever take such a step as the poet, prophet or artist will have taken from any other cause at all but one—from love of it. If there still remain to him other things that he prefers to do it is best that they should be the things still done by him. But, of these matters that the high artists have done it is hard to speak clearly and plainly, and it has always been considered easier to make them plain rather by reference and by metaphor. For, so long as we lead lives that must in many respects differ, and until the time comes when we will live each in the other and lead one life, there will be things that we will not be able to speak plainly and face to face each to the other, and long letters will say but little.

* * *

That beings in this world can become surrounded by and aware of, and served by others who have gone out of their garments of flesh, is my own belief, or dream. For our beliefs are only and no more than mere dreams. And so I speak of that which I know as a dream, and for two reasons: First, because its dreams have been always the most real of all the things of earth; and this is for the reason that of all the subjects of merchandise, and properties that are owned by merchants, who call themselves the practical ones of the earth, have had their birth originally, and their start, out of dreams, exactly as, through the dreams of earth's dreamers and poets, will the merchandise accumulated by the methods which earth's merchants now follow, for which such merchants will then mourn, be caused to pass, as does a vapor before the sunlight of morning, or as falls away the grain before the sweep of the sickle. I speak of the presence of those noble ones about us who, when clothed in the flesh, would not gain aught at the cost of a wound, or of loss to another, as a dream, because I have stood in that attitude in which when he is possessed of naught but dreams, one can look and can see what dreams are in men, and I have seen that such dreams as are theirs, and such dreams as are the dreams of those of this world who do not deem their own opinions to be wiser than is the wisdom of non-resistance, to be dreams that are not to be outlasted by time.

And for these reasons I would express such ideas as it is attempted here to set forth in the language of the most stable of all the things that are—namely, by calling them dreams; and by saying that with me, it is a dream that, when aware of his own resplendent intellectual endowments, and knowing that by using them as did the rulers of her civilization of an hour, he could have placed himself at the head of her ecclesiastical system, or have stood upon the pinnacle of her commerce, chief among the chief captains of the industry of Judea, Jesus of Nazareth preferred instead to turn away from the methods of those who, in her esteem were held to be highest, to stand at the place of and feel with them from the view-point of those who were held by her to be but degenerates and outcasts there did gather all at once about him, and become able to serve and minister to him, all of those daring ones of the world of whom in times past the world had not been worthy. And that is a dream.

And it is my dream (being myself one of those who, in this world where strife is the cause of illusions, is a practical man) that, upon this step being so determined upon by him that it was to come to be taken, there did come to him, and for months thereafter remain with him, as the outcome of the operation of one of nature's laws—where strife is not—such power over the air as made the winds in their causes subject to his will until they could be hushed by it, whereupon, the winds ceasing, the waters on the neighboring lake would be caused to subside. Such a will, under the laws of nature, was the kind of will that could be put into him by thought such as was his thought; but the power of that thought could come forth only out of knowledge that could believe no fellow-man himself to be degenerate—knowledge that could know of no one fittest to survive.

This, too, I dream: That when Siddartha (Gautama Buddha), the compassionate, went away from his palace forever to learn, by living it, what was the view-point of India's outcasts, there did, indeed, as has been said, gather about him when he was under the Bo tree all of those who, by that act, were made to be dwellers in and to become one with him, through having done deeds that were of the same spirit of compassion that had prompted his act.

And I dream a dream (that comes from what taught him) that when Socrates, the jester for truth (one of that mighty line that fortunately has, and will yet have, descendants), was, with the utmost coolness, ready to drink the hemlock for having spoken that which the timid, and nations whose hands are war-stained, strive ever to hide and conceal, and, amid his disturbed friends, spoke undisturbed of his death, there

was in his own words, for him, more than he allowed them to know; and that he was, during his discourse, made calm by the near presence of those great ones, at the moment ministering to him, into contact with whom he had been brought through a deed done such as they before him had performed; and that his genius—his own spirit—his father in heaven—the monitor of whom he had so many times spoken—was, in those high moments, so near to him that the whole earth and heaven had already begun to take on for him a new shape and beauty and things a rare and new meaning, such as were cause of a deep and a new wonder to him. These things I dream, and, seeing them one and eternal with that of which they themselves are an embodied and permanent part, I cannot escape from believing. With the hope that, on paper, they may have served the purpose that, in placing them here, I have hoped for, I am,

Very respectfully

ADAIR WELCKER.

SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION AND FOUNDATION OF THE IDEA OF HELL.

Since the article given below—(in many publications since published)—was written, volcanic eruptions, such as were never before known, have occurred; and, if those obsessed by ideas of past ages, and given, as playthings conforming to those ideas of obsession, warships, are still retained, or selected by nations to act as their rulers, and such, their rulers, with these, their playthings, shoot more children or women to death, events still more startling will happen. The following article, relating to volcanic eruptions that were to come, is the one to which the volcanic eruptions that have since occurred have related:

In the opening article of "McClure's Magazine" for March, 1902, the statement is made that Professor Loeb of Chicago conceives life and electricity to be the same; and also believes it to be the fact that, as the result of the magnificent work done by him and those assisting him, life may come to be prolonged. With the last statement I agree; but, as will appear from the pages of a manuscript book entitled, "His Verses (with That in Them Which Is), for Those Kindest Hearted," copies of which were presented by me several years ago to libraries of Royal Societies in Ireland, Scotland and England, to the chief universities of those countries, to the chief universities of Australia and Canada, and

to the chief universities of the United States of America, with the first statement I do not, in all respects, agree. In one of the poems contained in the manuscript book, the title of the poem being, "How to Overcome the Last Enemy," are these words: "For electrified is action, and (transmuted) will, through deeds, come a force to end all dying," etc., etc.

Action is, indeed, as has been seen by Professor Loeb, the result of the operation of electricity; for, as in the poem stated, "electrified is action;" but, back of electricity is something more subtle, which determines its character—as to whether the manifested electricity will be negative or positive. This subtle something is thought. But thought is of two kinds. One kind is the kind in nature that is back of the impulse that causes the world to most highly honor and pay those willing, for such rewards, to take the lives of their fellows; the other is back of the impulse that will cause men rather to forego reward than accept it as the return coming for destruction to limb or life of the least of their fellows. It is the form of thought that prompts the highest known form of human courage, whose ultimate aim ever is not destruction, but creation; whose offspring was the discovery of the X-ray, and such work as has been done—for which the world has not capacity sufficient to reward him—by Professor Loeb.

Professor Loeb justly complains that, in America, rewards go, not to those engaged in such work as his, but rather to those who profit from politics. This is a discouraging fact. Still, to know this may give him heart to persist in his work: that outside of the walls of American universities are artists, writers and discoverers working—and who have for long years worked—for whom such institutions have done, and do, nothing.

But back of the gigantic natural force, whose initial or starting point is within the brain of man, is more than is above stated. The great storage battery for electricity in one of its forms of expression—that whose starting point is in imperialistic or despotic thought—is the central earth. And it was therefore not for nothing that the Seers of old prophesied for peoples seeking, above all other things, prosperity, a fate such as came upon Gomorrah and Sodom. For, back of the vagus perception which, during the long ages, has been in the minds of men waiting to be worked out, that this earth can, because of their acts and thoughts, come to be destroyed by fire, there has been always, although it has not been put into formulated expression, a law and a scientific foundation. Injustice and its offspring coercion, or that action upon the part of any people through which it takes a portion of the earth's sur-

face away from any other people by violence, ever creates and stores up within the earth an electrical force that, going to and fro within it, is, step by step, performing the work that can some day cause the earth's surface to sink and collapse and molten lava and fire from within to come through the crevasses then formed, and spread out over its surface.

Thought is a gigantic natural power and its operation not yet fully comprehended; but the time will come when it will be a fact apparent that all of those who, in pulpit or press, uphold the application of torture to their fellow-men, such as was not practiced by the armies of pagan times, are, whether they are aware of the fact or not, but hastening, by their thought and intent, the time of the arrival of such a final result.

The prophets and poets of ancient times, although in their outer natures they had not yet come to see that, back of their prophecies, there rested a principle of science, yet had within them an intuitive consciousness of the fact that injustice, done by any man upon earth, brings about simultaneous changes within it; and they were wiser than they knew when their intuitions told them that hypocrisy, brutality and greed on earth might bring about destruction from within it if ever the time should come when such an abomination of desolation should make its appearance upon the earth as towns and villages having the torch set to them in liberty's name, and in that name gun and sword used to make of any place inhabited by man a wilderness.

Unless work of that character ceases to be done, lightning, or the electricity that the minds of men can create, will, by all men, be seen to fall from heaven. And, although from the time of the world's foundation, it has been in process of generation through each act of coercion and oppression, each act for expansion by conquest, although they have not yet all of them seen it, each man may, before the present generation shall have, all of it, departed, come, in many places, to see it.

ADAIR WELCKER.

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TO HENRIETTA, (by Her Brother.)

(Miss Henrietta Welcker, who died in December, 1908, had just begun to achieve distinction in the world of music, one of her marches, the ROOSEVELT MARCH having been played by American bands of note, among them those of the U. S. Military and Naval Academies at West Point and Annapolis. At the suggestion of the Rector of St. Marks church, one of her pieces entitled THE QUEST, (and, for a short time, through the suggestion of others, called TO RUBENSPEIN), was, at her funeral, which took place at that church, rendered by the organist upon the church organ. Although not originally composed for that instrument, yet when heard upon it, more than wonderful seemed the result produced, and it at the time aroused in the mind of the writer of them the suggestion contained in the II and III of the verses that follow.)

I

We think of you, for this : That you think of us.
One sided can no mental process be.
Only the eye has lost you. You, above us,
With cleared eyes, view our acts ; wondering that we
Note not your new relief ; your hearty mirth ;
Your grace that was, wearing a freedom new :
Note not the unbound soul has bloomed ; is known ;
While by the closed up bud stand we, blind still, alone.

II

Your music ladder,—held it heavens host.
While, step by step, went up the sweet sound higher
Until, at last, a drifting sigh, 'twas lost ?
Took they no then its air,—that oncessu choir ?
And Robenstein,—did he then lift it through
Some portal wide, rising triumphant, sweet
There, where 'twas lost to us ? And dear and new
To them, did Masters Old crowd this new one to greet ?

III

And with that music, as the organ lifted
Your sound words mounting step by step, beyond us
Was your soul, too, beyond our earth cares drifted ?
For us, saw you, beyond all cares that bound us,
So plain, so clear, so close our haven, too
That for our woes, us, you a smile had given,—
Had that been only in your power to do,—
To make us see what you saw ; that earth, heaven,
Are bound; are one; the two so interlaced.
That start, or end in each is through the other traced.

IV

There is this meaning why our loved ones leave us,
To go where can no selfish beings go :
Have gone to draw us there ; (to help, they leave us);
In memory, there, to keep that which they know
Of us, which there may enter : only the good.
Holdin' there firmly that; leaving behind
Remembering not ; cut from earth's evil brood
Of greed ; of selfishness ; all of the kind
That dust in us, to dust returns again,
We're drawn to what they keep, as by an iron chain.

V

Could we know all things, naught were left to think,—
Had we all knowledge, motion there would not be,
Nur we, through woes, grape juice from heaven might drink.
Sights not yet sighted are sight yet to see.
Lacking of things alike together draws us,
Which, by being had, repel, for that apart,
'Till gain of things apart will thereby cause us
As surely then to meet as to the heart.
That blood that, from it, by ways different went
Doss once more there meet, whence in diverse ways, 'twas sent.

VI

Once knew we all, then would there end advancement.—
Yet souls of things, all fine, where is man's goal,
In the rare realm of souls, (that of entrancement).
Are cherished by those gone who there find only
What's here below, but hoped ;—The plan, the soul.
So we, since they hold there the perfect of us,
Think but on that whereto they have attained,
Not on the dross they've left, but what's above us,—
What's gone, where dust goes not. What they have gained
Through loss of earth, we think of; know alone
The good of them : the good,—us knowing, as it is known.

VII

So soon you had learned lessons,—(all those needed),—
For the next world. Your task, there to commence with,
Your sights and sounds you had reaped. Saw nor heeded
We, such quick gathering ; nor, saw you dispense with
Our gradual efforts, nor, those less discerning
Of such, as their years blindly lengthen out
Searching, 'mid this world's goode, things new, where old, returning,
Us mock, for treadmill work, that new things draw not out.

